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Semper Floreat

The University of Queensland
Students' Newspaper

Relax on Bright Books
WE HAVE THEM—
Wise and Otherwise
A. McLEOD,
"Brisbane's Best Bookstore,"
107 Elizabeth St., BRISBANE.

Vol. IX. — No. 19

Friday, 23rd August, 1940

Registered at G.P.O., Brisbane, for
transmission by post as a periodical.

Price 5/- per Annum
3d. per copy

Varsity Goes on the Air

Hear Bob Priestley Advertise "A.B.C. Weekly"

The other day we passed Bob Priestley in the middle of Edward Street as if he meant nothing. We were crossing from one footpath to the other, Bob was crossing from the other footpath to one. "G'day, Bob," says we, but didn't stop, knowing that we'd only have to shout back, anyway, and thus make no profit, even if we did get him to buy the first one, which, after all, might have been no small task. Besides, anyone who stopped to yarn in the middle of Edward Street at the A.M.P. corner would probably be bundled into one of those battleship-grey Ford 8's that always send cold shivers up and down our spine when we see them nosing round, at the best of times.

Well, it just shows you, and embryo journalists can note this well—how easily you can miss a classy human-interest story just through being stingy, or in a hurry, or simply plain indifferent. There was a first-rate story walking towards us, getting closer to us, actually saying "G'day" to us . . . passing us, travelling beyond us, receding from us. And we let it go. Of course, it all happened in a flash. That's our best excuse. We were travelling at six, Bob at four miles per hour. The approaching, passing, fading way therefore, all took place at just ten miles per hour. (Einstein cranks can correct this for relativity). At such a speed decisions must be made with lightning swiftness. On authority of the reasons previously outlined we decided not to stop, and just so did a lovely piece of news almost slip through our fingers. And this at a time when there is a heart-breaking dearth of news around the old Alma Mater. (Why doesn't somebody murder somebody, put the body in a Gladstone bag and leave it in "Semper" box? This University has no virility.)

HERE'S THE DIRT.

No, but her sons have enterprise. What do you think this guy Priestley has gone and done?

- Won the Casket?
- Married a film-star?
- Grown a third thumb?
- Lost his hair?
- Become an A.B.C. announcer?

Answer will be found printed upside-down in the upper left-hand corner of the back page of "Galmahra."

No! No one's sure just when "Galmahra" will burst from the presses, and what's more there's space to be filled here.

You will no doubt be astonished to learn that the last postulate is the correct one.

MIKE-FRITE MEANS NOTHING TO BOB.

Yeah! Bob has joined the staff of 4QG microphone talkers-to-death. Listen in about mid-day, hear him tell you all about the weather, slap on with equal insouciance Bing Crosby or Toscanini, and all in that voice that will have the fans fighting outside Penney's building to get a look at him.

CONGRATS, OLD BOY.

But seriously, we have to hand it to Bob. Getting a job as an announcer is not just a matter of barging into a studio and bluffing the powers into accepting you by flashing your sweet smile or waggling your beautiful eyelashes. Read what an announcer writing in "Smith's Weekly" says:

"An announcer of the Commission is required to have a



reasonably good education, to understand matters occasionally brought within his duties.

"Earlier public criticism of broadcast pronunciations was so rife that it became necessary to employ only announcers whose 'reasonably good education' incorporated some knowledge of at least five languages.

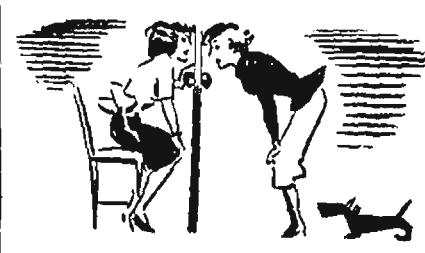
"It was also desirable that he be sufficiently conversant with music to enthuse with apparent sincerity equally over Porter's 'Night and Day' and Prokofieff's 'Classical Symphony'.

"Before final selection is made from a group of applicants for the position of announcer, the answer to the question 'Have you any literary attainments?' carries some weight.

"He must also be possessed of a pleasant speaking voice and clear diction."

If Bob really has all those qualities he ought to have been front page news in "Semper" long before this. That's not to say Bob hasn't been prominent in Varsity life. How could such a flower blush unseen? Sometime secretary and a vice-president of the Union, sometime Chief of Staff of "Semper Floreat," 1938 delegate to the N.U.A.U.S. conference in Melbourne, 1939 President of the Union, this year Business Manager of "Galmahra," and a hockey player of distinction for the Varsity, he has left his mark. At the end of this year he finishes his Arts course. But even if that means the Varsity should see him no more, it certainly won't be the last we hear of him. Always shall he be with us, per medium of the Men's Common Room radio.

Anyhow, Robert Russel, "Semper" wishes you all the best in your new vocation.



Psst! Psst!!

We hear a few undergrads are thinking of turning up at the Men's Club Ball to-morrow night in shorts, milanese shirts and sandshoes. We don't expect it to go beyond the thinking stage, however.

There is a glutton in our midst! Saw a member of a prominent faculty eat five pies at a sitting in the Gardens one lunch-hour last week.

Have you seen the student who affects sockless feet? He puts adhesive plaster over his tender toes to prevent his hobnails from injuring them. Spends the money saved on bright cravats, and is reputed to have the largest and loudest collection in the Southern Hemisphere.

Rumour was flying round recently that the later year Meds. intended to bring out an opposition rag. Presses must have got stuck halfway, because naught has yet been vomited forth on a thunderstruck Varsity. Or perhaps the people concerned found just how tough it is to issue a readable paper, week in, week out. Anyway, fancy anyone's being foolish enough to oppose the might of "Semper," backed as it is by the weight of compulsory subscriptions!

Remember the girl with the Deanna Durbin lips? Well, she bounced up to us the other day, and asked us to point out that there is only one Deanna Durbin girl round this joint. At least six conceited and presumptuous females, she says, had the effrontery to identify themselves with her description.

Who is the girl—evening student—to be seen on certain nights of the week standing on the lawn for short periods with soulful gaze fixed on the moon and stars? She must be a romantic type. Keep your eye open for her.

You've heard about the regulation promulgated by the P.M.G. that no 'phone conversations are to be in a foreign language. Well a grad. we know was accused of talking low German over the telephone, but it turned out he was simply speaking good Australian with his dental plate out.

Hear of the prominent jitterbug who broke the floor at Luna Park last Saturday?

And then there was the girl who, in this enlightened and emancipated age, shocked half the Varsity by innocently making an unfortunate initial transposition when speaking of the film "Victoria Regina."

FOR MEN ONLY.

We'll lay any odds you like that there isn't a man in the Varsity who won't read

"Gone With the Wind" Is a Pain in the Bowels

Super-Ballyhoo Fails to Move Our Reviewer

After having yawned, fretted and fumed a weary way through "Gone With the Wind," I concluded, with many an execration and much self-recrimination, that my cash had gone the same way. It's a crying shame that cinemas don't adopt the "money back if not satisfied" principle.

The plot is distressingly rife with situations of highly coloured (in both senses), maudlin and distinctly boring melodrama. Other people's love affairs are in general devilish uninteresting except, when as is often the case with a sufficiently attractive character, the spectator unconsciously transfers, but the tracing of the lives and loves of the inane, common, egotistic, gusty, money-grabbing Scarlett O'Hara was a pain in the bowels. And the sight of he-man Butler wasting his delightful cave-man stuff on such worthless and unappreciative material was enough to rend even my cynic's heart.

SUGAR-PLUM MEL.

The character of sweettypie Melanie Wilkes is about as commanding as that of Scarlett. She corresponds beautifully to those dear, insipid little paragons of virtue that roam the pages of "Schoolgirls' Weekly." In fact, I think fair odds would be 100 to 1 on that she is a "Cliff House" old girl.

A somewhat superficial personality, Vivien Leigh fits in neatly as Scarlett O'Hara, but at times plays the role more kindly than is warranted. Poor Leslie Howard is the misfit of the piece and looks rather sheepish and unhappy as the indeterminate Ashley Wilkes. Perhaps the knowledge that his hair was such a repulsive hue (ginger yellow if you're interested, girls) contributed somewhat to his uneasiness, but the main factor was undoubtedly miscasting. De Havilland does little besides simper and look like the pride of "Cliff House." Gable, however, as the pleasantly human Rhett Butler, is excellent fare; by the way, should any Varsity adolescent wish to improve on his pecking technique,

I recommend that he study the swooping, sadistic, all-conquering Gable style.

FOR SNIFFLERS.

The sentimentalists among you will enjoy much of this film; in fact, nothing short of a napkin will cope with your discharge of tears and mucus, for there are marriages, romantic and otherwise, births (one without the doc.), deaths (complete with candles), a prostitute with a heart of gold and a son at college, and even a miscarriage. But what you won't enjoy, still addressing sentimentalists, is the pictorial realisation of the fact that war is filthy.

SOUTHRONS LIGHTLY TREATED.

The film is unsatisfactory in that it treats of the heartlessly selfish Southerners as something of romanticists, and that not too ironically.

DAISY MAE.

PULEESE!

PLEASE go on filling the "Semper" box with your confounded lunch-wrappers and other rubbish. We love it.

PLEASE continue dropping your letters to "Galmahra" in the "Semper" box. The fact that they have nothing whatever to do with us gives us all the more fun trying to figure out why they should be there.

PLEASE keep on sending complaints about distribution of "Semper" and advice of address changes to the Editor. They're really the Business Manager's job, of course, but the Editor is one of these work-mad cranks who just love to have the extra straw (or sack of it) piled on.

AND PLEASE don't let it enter your head that now would be quite a good time to write for "Semper."

Urgent Notice

Military Training---University Students (Day and Evening)

Arrangements have been made with the Military Authorities whereby undergraduates liable for military training under age groups, will receive their training subsequent to November 15th, 1940.

Undergraduates liable for training should present themselves for registration and medical examination at the times prescribed and, on being medically examined, apply to be allotted to the special training course being arranged by the Military Authorities; they should state the reason for this application—that they are University students and will be required for University lectures and examinations until November 15th, 1940.

C. PAGE HANIFY

Registrar

BOOK REVIEW.

MISS SUSIE SLAGLE'S:
AUGUSTA TUCKER.

(HEINEMANN.)

This novel, a complete and convincing picture of medical students preparing themselves for their great work, is a valuable and original addition to those stories of the medical profession which have lately begun to appear in fiction and in the cinema; and it is indeed quite a remarkable achievement, in that its vivid truth is the result of an extraordinarily skilful observation and assimilation of material by a new writer who has spent six years studying and sharing medical student life with the express purpose of writing about it. The book deals with the men of a hospital great and inspiring in its high traditions of service and thoroughness, traditions which have been established by world-famous doctors; and many of the students live and study together at Miss Susie Slagle's. Miss Susie herself has quite a prominent place in this intimate little narrative; for the kindly little lady has, through her deep, tolerant understanding of youth and her genuine interest in the welfare of her "boys" both during and after their stay with her, earned the profound respect and affection of students, doctors and professors.

The work and life of the hospital community is shown in all its phases—in anatomy classes, autopsies, operations, vacation activities, general and "shop" conversation and traditional customs, the fraternising of students and doctors at Miss Susie's or at Otto's bar, the home life of a brilliant staff doctor and his student son, the loves of students who must work and wait for years before they are free to marry. The individuality of each young man is clearly established through consideration of his character and outlook, his ideals, his origin and earlier developments, his reactions to various aspects of his student work, and even the small yet all-important accidents which determine for him the exact course of his future career. Outstanding among these youths are Alex Ashby, brilliant, generous, with a silently proud independence; Pug Prentiss, with a breadth of mind and sympathy given by already extensive travel; and Isidore Aaron, the Jewish genius who movingly typifies the struggle of temperament and ambition against deep-rooted racial pride and tradition.

Thus Miss Tucker's amazing grasp of fact and atmosphere is greatly enriched by a warm sympathy which seeks out the best in youth and in humanity. She fully understands those ideals and ambitions which draw a double strength from the vitality of youth and the stability of strong, early-matured character; the inspiring power of traditions, institutions, and great men; the strong attachment which a man may develop for the surroundings in which he has laid the foundations of his life's work. Her quiet, persuasive sincerity and her eloquent restraint enable us fully to see with her into the hearts of people in their deepest or darkest moments, and when they are alone with their own thoughts and emotions. There is a great deal in this first book to make us feel that its authoress will rank high among those excellent women novelists of to-day who owe their success chiefly to their essentially feminine gifts of deep insight and tender strength of feeling.—M.M.P.

(Our copy from McLeods—8/6.)

Do not men die fast enough without being destroyed by each other? Can any man be insensible of the brevity of life? And can he who knows it, think life too long?—Fenelon.

Semper Floreat

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Vol. IX.

Friday, 23rd August, 1940

No. 19

The Churchill Manner

In last Friday's issue of "The Telegraph" you may have noticed a curious report.

It dealt with a House of Commons interlude.

The Prime Minister abused somebody in the House. The victim demanded withdrawal of the vituperative terms.

"I will not withdraw," replied Mr. Churchill hotly. "On the contrary I shall send the Member in question a copy of a debate in which he subjected me to a most insulting attack at a time when I was doing my best for my country."

Those words are not the exact ones reported, excepting the last six, which are just as "The Telegraph" had them.

Note that word "doing."

Some pedant will probably object to the coining of a verb from the noun "ode." But reasonable people can have only admiration for those stout souls who, unmoved by the terrible authority of the Oxford Dictionary, make the language serve them, instead of bowing as craven slaves to the omnipotence of Mr. Fowler and his colleagues.

Well, that's settled that little point. Having accepted Mr. Churchill's deviation from the paths of normality as healthy disregard for irksome conventions, we may consider the far-reaching implications of his admission.

A little thing like that shows you how important it is that you should read your newspapers carefully. That apparently insignificant confession of Mr. Churchill's, easily passed over by all but the most scientifically observant-minded, unlocks what was previously a secret and well-barred portal.

In short, we could just as effectively have titled this splurge of the Editor, "Downing Street Lets Hair Down," or "How Big Shots Behave at Critical Moments."

Times change, do they not? Nero, tradition says, scraped cat-gut while his home-town cracked about him.

Francis Drake got annoyed when they tried to drag him away from the turf to the distasteful business of sinking perfectly good ships.

And now, when the crisis arises, Mr. Churchill spends his time, as he says, "doing my best for my country."

That should give a new fillip to the popular status of the despised poet. Long hair, a spotted bow-tie, a beer-stained suit-front, the protrusion from the hip-pocket of a scroll of papyrus will henceforward be looked on as signs of the most intense patriotism.

That ought to be a hint to fifth-columnists when casting round for a suitable disguise.

It's rather curious when you think of it, is it not?

Visualise the inner sanctum sanctorum at Downing Street.

Its dark recesses harbour the statesman-poet.

His brow furrows painfully as he concentrates over the nearly virgin dried-sheepskin awaiting the desecration—or ennoblement—of his pen.

The door is flung open by a wild-eyed courier, spattered with the foam of his flying steed.

(Mr. Churchill being a poet of the Romanticist school likes everything to be in character in order to attain the correct psychological atmosphere.)

Mr. Churchill looks up. His eye is the eye of the interrupted oder—venemous and reproachful.

"Well!"

"Despatch, sir! Personal, urgent, sir," pants the messenger, putting his hand to his heart and catching at the back of a convenient chair.

The eye flames.

"Get out, you dog's-offspring," roars the poet in his best broadcasting-to-Germany manner. "Here I am doing my best for my country and you interrupt my efforts, destroy my ethereal mood with your blasphemous balderdash. Get out! But no—tarry awhile. Can you suggest a rhyme for orange? Come, come, blorange, worange, sporange, gorange? You can't. Get out!" hurling his sheet of parchment at the closing door. "My God, I'll have to write it in blank verse."

Of course, all this is taking the "Tele" as a retailer of gospel. But as you all know, if it's in the paper it's true.

We Look at the War

VI.

Donner? or Blitzen?

Only a couple of months ago there was a genuine blitzkrieg, a lightning war, in the amazingly short course of which Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Belgium and then France were subdued by the Nazis. Luxembourg put up no fight at all, having no soldiers. The other nations did resist, but the massing of every known means of attack according to a perfectly co-ordinated plan against a divided and uncertain defence in each case produced collapse long before the apparent resources of the defenders had suffered anything approaching the losses sustained by the Allies during the last war. That phase is past. It is an abuse of language tending to mislead the plain man, to apply the term "blitzkrieg" to the assault on Britain by Germany's air fleet.

Certainly a fresh "lightning war" would be attempted if the sea and air defences of Britain could first be paralysed and the internal transport system of the country disorganised, especially if, at the same time, the urban population were infected with panic. So far there is no evidence that any of these necessary preparations have been effected. Admittedly, for the information has been given out officially, some damage has been done to "military objectives" in the British Isles, to a port here and an aerodrome there; but that damage has not been comparable to that caused in Germany by the R.A.F. and transport continues as usual in Great Britain, while the public, instead of becoming panicky, is furious and determined. The relative losses of the opposed air fleets are so disparate as already to encourage the British to talk of the approach of the day when the offensive will be ours.

Neither Mr. Churchill nor any other responsible British statesman has encouraged such rash talk, though the former has rightly told us that the defence of Britain is but a preliminary stage of a long struggle at a later stage of which we must gain the initiative and attack the enemy. The mere dates of the Empire Air-Training programme indicate the periods our governments have in mind. Meanwhile, Italian land attacks on the centre of Imperial communications and the German effort to meet our blockade with a counter-blockade have to be met. Every deferring of German hopes of invasion is likely to mean greater efforts in the two directions mentioned. Those facts help to explain both the projected British Eastern conference at New Delhi and the reported discussions between Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt as to the possibility of purchasing American destroyers.

THE PACIFIC AREA.

Two recent events (19/8/40) seem to have some bearing on a possible stabilisation of the situation in the Pacific area. One is the establishment of a joint Defence Board for Canada and the U.S.A. This, regarded from one point of view, is merely an extension of the Monroe Doctrine long desired by the American people. However, it has to be borne in mind that both countries share a long seaboard on the Pacific Ocean and that, just as the defence of the Panama Canal has moved the President to consider a deal with Great Britain, so the agreement with Canada may be inspired, at least in part, by a desire to protect America's north-western flank.

The other event is the appointment of Sir John Latham to be the first Australian Minister at Tokyo. A less embarrassing time than the present could have been found for such an appointment, which, while it may please certain business interests here, has an unfortunate air of suggesting a non-existent "Little-Australiaism." On the other hand, no one who has met Sir John Latham can doubt his fitness, by personality,

learning, experience and associations most worthily to discharge the onerous duties that are to be laid upon him. It is devoutly to be wished that the triangular diplomatic linking-up of Australia and the U.S.A. with Japan may facilitate the speedy and peaceful settlement of any outstanding differences and prepare the way for future active co-operation in economic construction.

DO AMERICANS CARE ABOUT AUSTRALIA OR NEW ZEALAND?

Too much must not yet be built on these speculative foundations. There has been no indication that the people or Government of the United States have any but a vague interest in the British Dominions in the Pacific, despite the recent arrival of an American Minister in this country. Opposition to American commitments in the Philippines has always existed in the States, and to extend those commitments to Australia and New Zealand might unduly alarm a large section of opinion among Mr. Roosevelt's people.

THE BALKANS.

The Balkan situation remains—as it usually does—obscure. This is welcome if it means that the German scheme for a quiet territorial redistribution is not working easily. Nor does it look as though Russia is willing to see it work easily, since there are reports of Russian support of extreme Bulgarian claims on the Dobruja. More immediately important is the question of Greek neutrality. If the independence of Greece should be menaced by an Italy desirous of consolidating her position in the eastern sector of the Mediterranean, Turkey would undoubtedly feel compelled to take an active part in the war; moreover, trouble in Greece would mean greater trouble in Albania and the possibility of disruption spreading throughout the Balkans, where the Axis Powers would prefer to penetrate by the threat rather than by the actual use of force.

WESTERN EUROPE.

Accounts, apparently fairly reliable, of rioting in France, Denmark and Czechoslovakia suggest that the necessity of using force to hold his conquests may materially reduce the military resources at Hitler's disposal. The "moral" drive for American supplies to be sent to any distressed regions—except Germany!—is liable to work in the wrong direction for Hitler, because it implies that the successful robber is now asking the police to compensate the robbed while he and his fellow bandits enjoy themselves. We may expect more riots. Perhaps they may be spread to Germany on account of mass indigestion brought on by over-eating—unless that is prevented by the dislocation of the railway and canal systems jointly produced by the activities of the R.A.F. and the maintenance of an army of several million men, not at home, but around the edges of a stolen empire.

AUSTRALIA.

We are, it seems, to have a Federal general election in about a month's time. That decision was desirable

Sez You?

J., B., W., v. L.

Sir,—As against your Lenin I mentioned James and Bergson, and as you still consider the former because of a dictum of his to be as a philosopher in a race apart, may I set against that dictum one from each of the other philosophers? James: "In his dumb awakening to the consciousness of something there, a mere this as yet, the infant encounters an object in which (though given in a pure sensation) all the categories of the understanding are contained. Here the young knower meets and greets his world; the miracle of knowledge bursts forth as much in an infant's sensation as in the highest achievement of a Newton's brain."

Bergson: "Existence appears to me like a conquest over nought. I say to myself that there might be, that indeed there ought to be, nothing; I then wonder that there is something."

With these two I should like to couple a later and (in my estimation) greater philosopher, the Englishman, E. I. Watkin. "God's omnipotence does not enable Him to do the intrinsically impossible; and since God must be All-wise and All-good, and since an All-wise and All-good God could not permit evil unnecessary to obtain higher good, there follows the conclusion not directly evident to us in everyday life, namely, that it must be intrinsically impossible to obtain the good to be derived from a world of contingent being without the evil."

I think these sayings profound because the first acknowledge the mystery that lies at the beginning of knowledge; the second makes evident the mystery of existence, and the third grapples with the great problem of suffering—the greatest mystery that men have to face.

Turning now to Lenin, may I subject his dictum to a little analysis? "Knowledge is the eternal and infinite approach of thought to the object." The first difficulty arises with the adjectives, "eternal and infinite." Since the human mind is finite, the thought that proceeds from it cannot be infinite. The greater does not proceed from the less. It is of course possible that "infinite" is here used in the sense "un-finished and un-finishable," but if that is the meaning in Russian, the English rendering is a mistranslation. Again, according to most scientists, the universe resembles a clock that is slowly and surely running down. Energy is being dispersed and is continuously becoming unavailable. The universe that we can perceive and measure is heading for a final equilibrium in which nothing can happen because there will be no differences of potential. Our sun would then be a dark cold star wandering in space without

for the preservation of our constitutional liberties. It should assure us a Government, however composed, able to push on with the war in the full confidence that it has the nation behind it. That might have been far from being the case of the Commonwealth administration had the ill-conceived idea of prolonging the life of the existing Parliament been carried further.

It may be that the frightful air accident, which resulted in the deaths of the Minister for Air, the Minister for the Army, the Vice-President of the Executive Council and the Chief of the Australian General Staff, will actually strengthen popular support of the present Government. This factor, coupled with the dissensions in the Labour movement in New South Wales and the threatening aspect of affairs overseas, may so influence the "swinging vote" as to give the Government a majority not only in the House of Representatives, but also in the Senate, where the present position offers interesting possibilities, should Labour capture even one State.

energy and without life upon its satellite, Earth. If this be so, thought, as we know it, is not an "eternal" process, but something ending as it began—with time. Suppose we dispense with the adjectives, then we get "Knowledge is the approach of thought to the object." But is not the verb inadequate? For knowledge to be acquired, is it not necessary for thought to do more than approach the object? It must wrestle with it, contemplate it earnestly. For example, if I want to acquire the knowledge contained in a history text book, it is not enough for me merely to approach the book. Therefore, in my judgment, Lenin's dictum should read: "Knowledge requires the approach of thought to the object." On the face of it, I fail to see that such a saying goes any distance towards constituting Lenin "the profoundest philosopher this century has seen."—Yours, etc.,

EDMUND.

("Eternal and infinite" does signify "unfinished and unfinishable," and this is quite a legitimate meaning to attribute to the phrase. Further, to excise them, as Edmund does in his analysis, is to completely emasculate Lenin's pronouncement. And to compare these words of Lenin with those of the other philosophers Edmund mentions is like placing Kosciuszko beside Everest, or trying to outshine the sun with a Woolworth torch. The statements Edmund quotes have not a shadow of the infinite dimensions of Lenin's "dictum"—as Edmund erroneously styles it. There seems to exist great divergence of philosophical feeling between us, and there would be little sense in boring readers with the continuance of a rather futile argument.—Ed.)

ABOUT IT?

Sir,—I daresay Edmund has not read "Materialism and Empirio-Criticism" by what even he calls "the genius" Lenin: therefore his second-hand rodomontade is not worth the proverbial tinker's damn.—Yours, etc.,

Y.

OPPORTUNIST.

Remember how during Show week a church dignitary protested publicly at the suggestive display of nudity by one of the side-shows? Well next day, walking through the canvas kampus, we heard the sprukler yelling, "Here's the show the Archbishop was talkin' about!"

Classy salesmanship, in our opinion.

TO SILENCE.

'Twould seem that holy silence here had fled,
Like some sad priest, from scenes of lust and pride,
And shrill tongued woe to win that purest bride,
Fair thought; for here dwells nothing but hath fed
On his sad soul. No wind but shrinks to tread
This tranced grove—but ranks it sin to chide
The thought wrapped trees to grave reproach or glide
Thro' yon unwinking blossoms quiet bed.
Ah, mutely singing companies of flowers!
My soul's attuned for aye to thy still note.
So perfect is the music born of peace.
Nor do I now crave fortune's salted showers,
For silence full hath swelled his sacred throat,
In benediction. Envy's heart beats cease.

—ABNER.

KINEMATIC KAPERS.

THE "RED" STARS.

Hollywood—fountain head of glamour with a great big "G," swarming-place of tinsel-winged moths, starry El Dorado of the adolescent-minded populations of the world. . . .

And last, but not least, fortress of mighty business interests.

Strange then, that such films as "Grapes of Wrath" should emerge from this place, like largesse from a miser. Apparently their birth was attended by a certain amount of travail. But the opposition seems to have had an external source. "Modern Screen" for March says:

"As you have probably read, there was a constant undercurrent of opposition to the filming of the picture, but no actual damage was done to halt production. However, certain influential powers in the state such as big land companies, and fruit-growing combines and the banks that finance the movies, did what they could to make things difficult. Rumours are still going around that the picture will be sold by Twentieth Century-Fox at a neat profit and then simply shelved, for there is no doubt that the public will be aroused to action when the film is released. The various location trips were kept as secret as army manoeuvres and the finished product could not be previewed in California."

Whether "Modern Screen" can be looked on as a reliable informant is, of course, somewhat problematical. But those knowing ones who awaited some obvious move on the part of affected interests to put a stop to Hollywood's perturbing deviation from the straight and narrow path, as evidenced in the production of these sordid films, have not been disappointed. On Friday the cables announced that several film-stars had been accused of being Communists. That's not a bad start. Red-baiting having reached such a high pitch of efficiency in the States, it will not be long before anyone with the slightest inclination towards ideas which do not suit the men holding the reins will be rail-roaded out of Hollywood in less time than it takes to eat a hamburger.

It would be interesting to know just how the investigating body came to the conclusion that these actors were Communists. Was the evidence, perhaps, similar to that which convicted the innocent Thomas Mooney—the evidence of prostitutes, thieves, gangsters, perjurers? On the testimony of such reliable Mooney was imprisoned by people who did not relish his unionistic ideas, on a charge of bombing a Preparedness Day Parade in San Francisco. He was released last year after a spell of 20 years in gaol, investigators having found him guiltless, and the evidence against him perjured from beginning to end. Similar methods, perhaps, were used this time to tie "red" tags on to Hollywoodians with the wrong ideas. It's a lovely country, America.

REAL NEWS IN NEWSREELS.

It's time someone browbeat the companies concerned into giving us better newsreels. It is difficult to do anything about it, however, for no one goes to a show expressly to see newsreels. They are a kind of extra, served up whether you like them or not. Patrons don't actively ask for them; they are not advertised; the only people who can effectively protest against their quality are the theatre owners—and they, it seems, don't give a damn.

Perhaps that's because the newsreels aren't worth a damn. Aren't you sick to death of seeing American footballers, American base-batters, American milking competitions,

Confucius He Say--

He who sits on tack is better off.

He who laughs last no understand joke in first place.

Neyer run after tram or woman. Another be along in minute.

Bald head man have less hair to comb, more face to wash.

Before marriage man yearn for woman. After marriage the "y" is silent.

Hardest time to get baby to sleep—when she is 18.

High heels invented by woman who was kissed on forehead.

Too many cooks spoil iceman.

No accident insurance protect girls who pursue wrong policy.

Only time women listen is when money talk.

If you marry right woman—nothing like it. If you marry wrong one—nothing like it either.

Bathing suit have no hooks but plenty eyes on it.

He who sits on electric chair gets amps in pants.

In China, pawnbroker's sign say: "See me at earliest inconvenience."

Absence make heart grow fonder, but presents bring better results.

Wife is great comfort during all those troubles which bachelor never has.

American dog shows, American foundest research goes unsung. Gretna-Greens, and all the rest of it. Nevertheless, the general effect of these things are bad enough in Australian newsreels. And as surely as we may hope, achieved. And scientific winter follows summer we get the audiences in this part of the world get so they could shoot a skier on sight. Let the newsreel companies send only news of world interest to the rest of the world. They can keep the Hollywood Park horse-racing and the Boston Upper-Hundred Hunt for home consumption.

SCIENCE GETS A BOOST.

"Dr. Ehrlick's Magic Bullet" is knocking around suburbia now. If you didn't see the film when it was in town, take time off to view it when it arrives at your local picture-palace.

Edward G. Robinson, who plays Dr. Ehrlick, isn't as good as Paul Muni, but he's not bad. The picture is worth seeing, even if only to get you acquainted with Dr. Ehrlick, of whom the writer was entirely ignorant until Warner Brothers' opus worked its way round to Brisbane. Ehrlick, according to the film, introduced the trick of staining slides in microscopy. Where workers in biological sciences would be without their slide-stains one hates to think. They ought to erect a shrine to Ehrlick and worship at it each day.

But the main point about "Dr. Ehrlick's Magic Bullet" is the way it takes latest place in a series—not only of films, but of press articles and books, all designed to impress the public with the nobility and glory of science, and to get for scientists the respect and admiration they deserve. As a very lowly member of the ilk, the writer looks on the tendency with a gratified eye.

There are drawbacks, however. Firstly, over-enthusiasm on the part of the scientists' self-appointed publicity agents in making the scientists' labours strike home to the lay heart. For instance, they make Dr. Ehrlick speak of his bactericidal injections as germ-killing "magic bullets." No scientist would talk so loosely, at least to colleagues. Secondly, it is only the spectacular discoveries that hit the headlines. Much of the pro-

SHADOW-LOVES.

Here is a fan-letter taken from a recent issue of a Yankee film magazine. The signature was a youth's.

"I object to putting an actress in a single type of role to the exclusion of all others. The girl in question is Nancy Kelly, the actress I consider on the road to greatness exceeded only by Bette Davis, Helen Hayes, and Katharine Cornell.

"Miss Kelly is a real actress, that is certain. More than that, she is one whose emotions come from the heart, not the mind—from this real and poignant thing called life, not merely from an author's pen.

"Yet I think the studio is making a big mistake to cast her in dramatic parts alone. After all, she is still young, and she is alive to the interests and passions of youth. She should be allowed to play light comedy and purely romantic roles, as well. It is wrong to age her before her years, worse still to type her as a one-role actress. She is a beautiful girl who should be allowed to be herself, to laugh, and love her way into her audience's heart."

Obviously this guy is head-over-heels in love with Nancy Kelly. Just look at that fulsome praise, all with a most transparent film of impartiality. He doesn't deceive anybody, but the poor dope just had to get his feelings into words, but didn't dare do so without making some attempt to mask his true state of mind. You'll see many such letters in the film magazines, funny enough for onlookers. But just think of the misery of the victims of the screen Helens, weeping their eyes out for a shadow. There ought to be a law to keep susceptible away from picture shows. Still, one day a Dante might fall for a Beatrice that way. Then we might get some great art. You never know.

Pants-Pinching and Beer-Sinking

Surveyor's Edifying Field Trip

Do you know what it is like to be—

- (1) got out of bed in time to see the dawn;
- (2) kept out;
- (3) fighting your way through a mile or two of impenetrable scrub—wait-a-whiles and lantana and other characteristic flora—armed with a plumb-bob, a brush hook and vocabulary;
- (4) fed on a diet of stew of doubtful (we could guess) origin, and plum-duff with the consistency of putty and all the outward appearances of—well, no, it had raisins in it, which made it more of a mystery than ever?

No, I thought. Neither had I. But I suppose it was all in the name of the good, clean fun of which we potential engineers partake as an "ersatz" for a vacation.

Oh, yes, good clean fun it was; enlightened by tinges of Wychian humour and a sprinkling of the salacious MacAlpine wit. As an example of the former, witness the event of our half-day off. Moggill Creek sports a swimming pool (and how, to quote Will Shakespeare), to which we duly resorted to have what was for some the first head to heel ablution of the week. We didn't stay in long, as even the proverbial brass monkey would have shrunk back from the water out of respect for his own well-being.

WYCHE DEPANTS'D.

But the cook's offside and one other whose name shall remain shrouded in mystery, on returning to the bank, were alarmed to find that—

- (1) Wyche had retreated homewards;
- (2) likewise their nether garments, uninhabited.

So, armed with towels and a grim smile fraught with purpose, they followed along the main road and soon found the sweetness of revenge in likewise disrobing the great Wyche; and all the locals were amazed to see the Chaldean Venus thus put to shame.

???

Confucius say "man sleeping under theodolite make no noise." Confucius, as the fourth year Mech. and Elecs. proved, is always right.

And then there were the measles—a much overrated pastime, but nevertheless welcome to all concerned. The spotted ones got an official holiday, and we others spotless (no red ones, anyway) turned communistic and divided up the blankets!

DROUGHT BROKEN.

On Friday night, the traditional barrel was rolled out, and a good time was had by all—even little Audrey, who afterwards confessed that "that Sammy Hall song was funny." Shame, Audrey, you were officially listening to the wireless! And the fatal quart jug was passed around—indeed a mansize effort, but a waste of both beer and reputations. As the party warmed, the songs grew less Rabelaisian; but after a rendering of "De Glory Road," the wet gave out and the party broke up. Many hours later the Rover returned from town, bringing with it a cook anxiously advertising his ability to make puffaloons (ashes in a matrix of dough), and one other, a gentleman judging by the way he loudly proclaimed to the world his affection for blondes.

And so we came to Saturday, just one big happy family, as our king of pugilists demonstrated by dislocating the younger Robinson's shoulder—when he threw him a brace of yards while he was doing his morning "limbering up." The practical ability of our first-aiders was shown in no uncertain manner—but then, they hadn't yet reached Chapter VII., which perhaps excuses them.

THE OLD, OLD GAG.

And so we returned to the big smoke complete with beards and blueys. In fact, so good was the effect that the policeman on point duty outside the T. & G. spent several hectic minutes trying to explain to three bone-headed hoboes where Queen Street was.

UNPACK YOUR FLANNELS.

FROM YOUR OLD KIT BAG.

The cricket season is just round the corner. So what? So it's time that all Varsity cricketers took notice that the A.G.M. of the University Cricket Club will be "celebrated" in the Men's Common Room, Monday, 26th August, at 7.30 p.m.

Varsity intends entering 3 teams in the metropolitan fixtures, so there are plenty of opportunities for all interested. Freshers in particular are urged to come along and make themselves known. So don't forget the date, Monday, 26th August.

Come and meet the Varsity stars—John Joseph Mahoney, our eloquent president and sparkling willow whacker; Vic Honour, our popular skipper, ex-Queensland rep. and off-spin maestro; Eddie (bonny boy) Broad, Semper's sporting mud-slinger; and Warren Brown, the man who didn't bowl Bradman for a duck. All these and many others will be waiting for you with overflowing enthusiasm and glasses of beer. Don't miss it!

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FOR ANY INFORMATION regarding the sporting activities of this University consult our (erstwhile) scribes personally.

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Narrow But Decisive Win

The Varsity baseballers had what was probably their best win to date when they won narrowly but well from the seasoned Boomerangs 6—5. They took the lead right from the start and stalled off a determined challenge in their opponents' last dig. As Boomerangs batted first the Reds had an innings in hand at the end of the game. The Varsity batters were particularly impressive although they could not round off their good work by getting home; the opposing pitcher, Skodder, is highly ranked among Brisbane players, but he was made to look a second-rater.

CLOSE CALL.

At only one stage of the game did the Black and Whites give the students an anxious time. In their last dig they had runners on both second and third and no men down. The fright must have done pitcher Brown good for he began to serve up hot rocks in his best style; the batters were all sea; the first managed to hit a foul and was caught after a brisk run by Jim Matthews; the second never saw any one of his three strikes; while the third hit a fly and Jack Hoare made no mistake with it.

HANDY ANDY.

A pleasing feature of the game was the batting and fielding of Andy Eklund, a comparative new-comer to the game. He and his outfield associates are doing well and he certainly has an eye.

CLUB KNOCKOUT.

A series of five games for the President's Cup is now being played, and so far the students have an unbeaten record. With a bit of luck and a little encouragement from a few lusty barrackers they are certain to do well in the remaining games, so a few Varsity onlookers would certainly help them.

BASEBALL AND CRICKET.

Now that the cricket season is approaching intending players have to

get fit. But Vic Honour and his team-mates who play baseball are in perfect physical condition; cricketers formed the nucleus of the baseball team and there is no doubt that they derive benefit from the ball game. They gain experience in sighting the ball and their work in the field is certain to be improved.

What is probably more important is that baseball is a fast, enjoyable game and is becoming more and more popular; and it is hoped that next year the Varsity may be able to field more than one team, so that players will be needed in greater numbers. Well, folks, why not get an idea of the game by watching the last couple of matches this season?

Y'S WORDS.

SNAILS AND POETS.

I wonder whether many—or any—of those very ardent first-year biologists who dissect Helix (the snail) and lay bare unabashed its pulmonary chamber and complex reproductive system, have seen those beautiful lines by Lawrence Whistler:

"Here, where the weasel and the floating owl
Hunt in perfection round the abandoned tower,
And perfectly the staring snail evolves
Her slow embroidery beneath the moon . . ."

Scientifically inaccurate, no doubt—for instance, snails are not separately male nor female; they are hermaphrodite. But artistically, this is poetry of a very pretty stamp indeed. At least, I found it so. I found it rather consoling to repeat these lines under my breath as I grovelled around after oviducts and other bits of clammy mechanism . . .

They Had to Sell "Semper" in Those Days

A Pioneer Editor Remembers

If a file of "Semper" issues during the first year of publication still exists, it would doubtless show up badly as compared with the modern 1940 streamlined model. However, whether for good or ill, it fell to my lot to edit, jointly with W. A. (Bill) Mahoney, the paper during its first year.

That was in 1932, and I must early in the piece confess that the recollections of my year as editor of "Semper" are very scrappy. Perhaps that is because the whole business of publication that year was a hectic affair and constituted a very uncertain venture.

FRESHER HONOURED.

The first issue was not produced till the academic year was fairly well advanced, and not a little difficulty was met with in collecting a staff. The latter circumstance probably explains why the powers that were finally descended to the ranks of the freshers to find someone to share the editorial work with Bill Mahoney.

The chief advocates of the new venture were the President and Secretary of the Union, Frank McGrath and Bob Jay, and to them and other members of the Union Councils of 1931 and 1932 must go the credit for supporting the paper through very unstable days.

It is not too much to say that the work of the editors was constantly overshadowed by financial considerations. The small size of the paper was dictated by its finances and lack of space made the contents consist principally of dry-as-dust information.

EDITORS HAD TO BE GO-GETTERS THEN.

However, in the rush of the job, we often felt the lack of space a blessing rather than otherwise, because most of our

attention was given to the very awkward matter of SALES. This involved the extraction of 2d. per copy, and accounting to the Union Council as to the financial results of each issue.

The problem of sales in turn developed into the problem of distribution, and there was the rub. That "Semper" survives was certainly due to those people who undertook to collect the twopences in various sections of the University.

The first year of publication was a pretty sticky, materialistic period. Better years lay ahead of it, and various offices I held in subsequent years brought me into fairly close touch with the editing and publishing of the paper in the beginning of its palmy days. However, it is for the editors of those years, if they desire, to tell their own story, and I do not wish to encroach on their preserves.

(Times have not altered much. Getting "Semper" out is still a hectic and uncertain business. Thursday nights are particularly hectic, and close observers could probably detect a degree of uncertainty in the proceedings towards midnight.—Ed.)

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